

He Tells of the Side-Whisker Mystery.



CARVE

THE SIDE WHISKERS TOLD ME WHO HE WAS!

entered one of the houses by the porch and the other through a fire-escape and a back window, but in each case he had left by the front door.

Now, I will tell you, son, there was a big row on at headquarters over these burglaries. A general alarm was quietly sent out, and the entire force together with all the private detectives in town were on the watch. For a week or more, every man that was side-whiskered was an object of suspicion. Several such men were run in, but they proved their innocence, and later on some of them brought suits for damages. It was said that scores of honest citizens who had worn side-whiskers for years had been mighty proud of them hastened to the barber shop and were separated from them.

We were tumbling over each other and the Mayor was swearing and the Commissioner tearing hair, when two more houses were reported as having been burglarized. It was by the same slick man, said the police. He was quiet and craftily as he had done before. He went for money, jewelry and expensive things, but he had robbed everybody else. Not a chair was moved—not a thing mis-

"The cigar man had the face of a student and were a small mustache. It was evident that he did not do it for a trade, for he had a small stock on hand and didn't seem to care whether customers came in or not. He passed up my share of his time in reading, and I came to discover that the books he read were by Dickens and Shakespeare. He was not a communicative man, and seldom gave me more than a nod when I called for which was, perhaps, three times a week. I tried once or twice to draw him out, but it was a failure. He answered me in monosyllables and seemed anxious to have me go.

"On what I shall term the great occasion I had called for my cigar as usual, and after lighting it, I sat down to pull off one of my shoes which was pressing against my foot. I was sitting and reading a paper. Suddenly I heard the rumble of thunder and the sky darkened. A storm was coming on. There was a door leading from the store part into the back rooms. This door opened into the store instead of the other way, and that fact was the doom of the mysterious burglar.

"There came a gust of wind as we sat there and it blew open a back door with a bang. Then I heard a fall of something and the gust swept along and the door I had been describing was blown back until it struck the wall. We both jumped to our feet, and I thrust open a dead rat sweeper across the door until it brought us against my feet. It was not a dead rat, my son, but a side-whisker and a lot of side-whiskers were blown in with it. The side-whiskers were blond."

"Right ho," I asked, and was paused.

"Right ho," I think a little credit is due me," he continued. "I had my revolver out and pointed at the cigar man as he came in. He said, 'I'm a side-whisker told me who he was. That gust of wind had blown down the paper in which I had the receipt on a shelf in the back room, and I had the fellow dead to rights. He stood there without a word, and then he came out and ran all the way around to the station. He had dug a tunnel from the cellar of his store to the back of the station house on the other street. He cooked his meals in that store and he slept there, and from there he had come in to make his nocturnal raid. He also stored all his plunder there and there we found it. He had a saw, a wire, and a single article.

"He got a sentence of fifteen years, but was out a couple of years ago. He has been in and out of the pen several times, scientifically and but for that gust of wind he might have continued his career for two or three years more."

"And what did you get out of it, Mr. Casew?" I queried.

"I got a bull-headed luck!" he laughed.

Sarah Martin married Jim Hewson because she was a hired girl and working for \$2 a week. Because, again, she was hired and wanted to leave. Because, for the third time, she had never had an offer of marriage before. Because she did not know Jim was so very well, but everybody told her he was a good fellow and an even-tempered one.

Jim Hewson married Sarah Martin because she also was a hired girl and working for \$2 a week. Because, again, she earned \$2 a month. That would pay the rent on a cottage in a village in the north of the province he had heard Old Providence was always around helping poor folks out.

Jim Hewson was born that way and couldn't help it. He hadn't energy enough to sweat a shirt collar. He couldn't work hard. He got paid according to his energy, which pay seldom exceeded 10 cents a day. Had it been for him to work, he would have been a stable man who let him sleep on the hay in the barn, with an old horse to look after. Besides, Jim Hewson would have been much harder on his horse than the new ones who were used to the constant of walking a mile arm in arm, with a basket of apples strapped a mile away. There they picked twelve quarts of berries, and then they walked back to town and sold the berries to a grocer for 60 cents in cash.

Jim said Jim was the jingled the money in his hand, "we can get along as easy as going to the moon. They would have no problem for a week."

The bride half-laughed at the remark, but soon felt serious and hadn't much to say. She was a hired girl, however. She had Jim had gone to see her in the kitchen in which she was a hired girl when she said "I was a married man."

Jim, I have a thinking thing on my mind."

"Well," was the only answer she gave. "I have some conclusions that I have drawn. I am a lunatic or an idiot to have married you. It's a brutal remark."

Jim, but I feel that I must talk very plain to you."

"You are all wrong," Jim was lazy and didn't want to work. He was afraid of a potato-bug. You want me to work and support you, instead of it being the other way around. The best husband I ever had was in State I wouldn't do it."

"Oh, I'll let work," smiled Jim. "Dear God Thurston told me today that he had a horse that would work for 50 cents a day, and that is only a beginning."

"Fifty cents a day? You poor cott!" Jim angrily replied, "that is the wages of a small boy instead of a married man. It won't do, Jim—it won't do," asked the husband after a lapse of a minute.

"I can't get a divorce from you, Jim, for I am a hired girl. I can't get a divorce through. If we agreed on a separation it would do me no good for I'd still have to work for you. I can't get a divorce. I might stand a chance of getting a husband who would provide a home and a wife."

"You mean if I should die, you'd have your chance?"

"I wouldn't reply. She only looked at him."

Jim rose up and left the house with his horse and went to the stable for half an hour. He was in the stable for an hour; he did more thinking than he had done in very many days. He thought and wondered whether Jim Hewson did more thinking than to think where his wife was coming from, but they had never given him a chance to blame his wife from him, but laid it all on himself. If he was in her place he would have found out all the faults of all his faults, but at the same time he could not make up his mind to be any other than the poor fool he had called him.

In the darkness of the stables, with the berries in the basket and his nostrils and with the tired and sleepy horses giving a sigh now and then, he thought that he was worthy of a better man. He arose

When Mr. Bowser came home, other evening he had a parcel in his coat pocket and with the natural curiosity of a woman, Mrs. Bowser reached for it, but he stepped back and said:

"You let it alone and after dinner I will show it to you."

"It must be something precious," she replied.

"There may be millions of dollars in it," he said.

"Then I hope I may get a couple of dol-

fective that I will suffer my life on it. The ships sink because the water rushes in, don't they?"

"Well, in my scheme the water rushing in makes no difference. It will be taken up as fast as it rushes in."

"But the ship may sink," she said. "If she won't sink and no lives will be lost. How much water will this sponge absorb?"

"I should say half a pint, at least."

"Now, then, to keep you in suspense no longer, here it is. But it will hold fifty tons of dry sponges and her-

You jump to conclusions. Instead of stopping to figure a little. Why, man, you are thinking of sinking the crippled ship. The water rushing in will not sink it. It will be to keep the water out altogether. It is that the water fills the hold of a ship."

Mr. Bowser sat in silence for a time and gritted his teeth now and then, and said:

"I still believe in the plan of the sponges, but how would it do to put in dry sponges? They would not be able to absorb water to any extent, therefore, it

from five to fifteen minutes and the unfortunate ship is at the bottom of the sea. You also read of ships striking floating mines and being damaged so that they sunk almost immediately. You have also read of collisions between ships and one or both going down as the result.

"Yes, I have heard of these unfortunate things," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Supposing I had a scheme to save every crippled ship in future?" asked, with a proper gesture to make the words dramatic.

"You can't have, Mr. Bowser."

"There it lies before you."

"This is only a sponge. I hope you are not losing your good sense."

"No, but my scheme is as simple as a stick of gum and will prove so effective."

"Hold on—hold on, right there!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser. "I told you that the sponges were there to absorb the water as it rushed in."

"But the water is in the ship, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "What difference does it make whether the water is in the sponges or sloshing about loose, so to say. The weight is just the same and it will be the weight that will sink her. You must see the point."

"I don't see anything of the kind," was shouted.

"I have told you twice over that the sponges would take up the water as fast as it came in."

"So you have, my dear, but it will make no difference where that water is if it is in the hold. Fifty tons of wet sponges would at least be equal to thirty or forty tons of iron. Can't you see that, Mr. Bowser?"

"I can see that you want to discourage me as you always do," he muttered. "I have dropped upon a good thing—a great thing—the greatest thing I ever run upon in my life, and you are trying to knock it to pieces."

"If I had married the right woman,"

"If you didn't, Mr. Bowser. You married the woman who won't let you make a donkey of yourself if she can help it."

JOES, YOU ARE A LIAR AND A SWINDLER!"

will keep the fluid from rushing in. Come to think of it, perhaps that is the best thing I ever thought of."

Mrs. Bowser smiled and appeared to be thinking over the cork plan and Mr. Bowser was growing impatient, when she said:

"Do you think you could find a ship owner who would go to the expense of buying a few sponges? If you could, at the time, the sponges would rot and be worthless and the cork would mellow and swell."

"He'd be a queer man to let his ship go to the bottom when she might be saved by simply replying to the man with the great idea."

"But I have shown you that the sponges would only help to sink her and the cork would swell and sink her. I have said in his life the sponges would surely float out as well as portions of the other cargo."

"Mr. Bowser, if I have not made it plain to you, then consult some man whose common sense you must know. Men have got rich through schemes, but they have been practical schemes. You must have common sense as the basis of any scheme."

"That is to say that I lack common sense, Mrs. Bowser."

It is to say that your schemes are visionary and impracticable. You get a thought and jump instead of taking time to think it well over. It isn't late yet and let's go to the movie pictures for an hour."

"We might see a picture of a ship loaded with sponges or cork so that it would be a lump of lead," was the reply, as Mr. Bowser walked down the hall and left Mrs. Bowser staring after him.

He was full of chagrin and vexation and he wanted to work it off. He therefore went to the kitchen, got a meat cleaver and opened the door and shouted:

"Jones, you are a liar and a swindler! Your meat is tougher than an old rhinoceros's hide. I'll give you a taste of my meat! Blast your eyes, I will never trade a cent's worth with you again and I'll never eat your meat again."

Saying which, Mr. Bowser immediately felt better, and after hitting a stray dog dead with his cane, he went home and sat down and lighted his first cigar and remarked to Mrs. Bowser that all signs indicated a mild winter.



A SPONGE? QUERIED MRS. BOWSER!

and lighted a lantern, then prepared a rope to hang himself and give his bride the freedom she wanted. It was the only way out for her, and many old sayings were as good enough for him. He was hanging by the neck and doing some lively kicking when the proprietor of the stables looked in to see if all was quiet. Of course he saw the hanging figure, and had it down at once. Jim was drawn back from the grave, as he was aware, and in a couple of days he was well right again excepting for a sore throat.

"You darned fool what did you do to that for?" exclaimed Jim back to earth.

It was that my new wife might marry a better man," was the reply. "Humph! Don't try that game again in my barn. I don't want it turned over to a mortgage for dem Jackasses."

Sarah heard of the attempted suicide and sent for Jim, but he didn't respond. She wanted to be free of him,

and pulled the whistle

rails and facing it. The whistle blew, but Jim stood there as if apiked to a tie. The engineer tried to stop the train, but the cow-catcher did its work. Five minutes later a man who had witnessed another man's hanging came running up just as the victim was climbing the fence of a corn field. He was hurled. He had a slight limp in the left leg, but that was nothing for Jim to kick about.

"Why did you stand there like a fool!" shouted the man as he came up.

"I wanted to be killed," was the quiet reply.

"What for?"

"To let my wife be free to marry a better husband."

"You ought to be booted for a mile and a half!" said the man after Jim as he limped away.

Sarah also heard of this attempt, and started out to look for Jim, but she didn't have the luck to find him. He was missing from his usual haunts for three or four days and then he turned up on a bluff overlooking the mill pond half a mile from the bridge. He was going to try the water cure this time. The bluffs were thirty feet above the water, and Jim couldn't swim a stroke. He would go down like a stone and that would be the last of him. He didn't wait to wonder if drowning was an easy death or a hard one, but stripped off his coat and took a leap. Instead of striking the water, however, he struck the strip of mud between the water and the bluffs. There was a great "plump" and the mud flew twenty feet high, and Jim dove into the soft bed up to his neck. He did not struggle to release himself. He did not call for help. He was quietly thinking how curious it was that he could not make a go of it when a man came running from the saw mill and called out, even before he had offered his hand:

"You blamed idiot, but what did you jump for? I saw you when you made the leap!"

"I wanted to die," replied Jim.

"Oh, you did, eh? What in Texas was biting you?"

"If I was out of the way my wife would be free to marry again and get a better husband."

"Nice, complacent, obliging husband you are! The married men of the village ought to present you with a leather medal! Come out of that mud and tell your wife that she had better do the diving herself."

Sarah got every loose boy in town to hunting for Jim, but they hunted in vain. One morning she slipped on a soapstone and lay full length at the foot of all he wanted to be found dead. He went two miles away from home to buy a farm near Paris, green over the potato vines of his

The farmer left him alone for an hour and Jim mixed a big dose of the powder and drank it down. It was an overdose, however, and it was thrown out of his life forever again.

"Did you do that a purpose?" shouted the farmer at him as he recovered consciousness and spoke the English language.

"I did," was the faint reply.

"Did you get out of here as soon as you can crawl, or I'll have the local killer finish you up with a club!"

Jim tottered down the road toward the village that a man in an auto overtook him and halted to say:

"If you aren't drunk then you are sick. Get in here. Now what's the matter?"

Jim told him all and curiously enough the autist proved to be an uncle of his father whom he had not heard of since his boyhood days. When the uncle had heard the story to its end, he said:

"Jim you had a fool for a father. You have got three fool brothers and five sisters, none of them for me, uncles and aunts, and the Lord only knows how many fool cousins. But you will be a good deal wiser than that ever owned up to being a fool. You shall be rewarded in consequence. We will buy you a house and lot in the village—give you \$5,000 to set you and Sarah on your feet and bet that you'll come out wiser near the top than you is a fool, and knows it is a better man than one who thinks he is wise and doesn't know it."

Jim and Sarah made up and have lived happily ever since.

Der German Cobbler

He Goes Into Moving Pictures.

One day a man comes into my shop dot vhas different from most any mans. He vhas smiling and laughing. He chuckles in his throat. He strikes his hand mit de odder flat. It vhas sure dot he has some good shoke.

"Vhas sometimes der matter mit you?" I asks.

"Der vhas, old man," he replied.

"Did it throw der street car off der track when he bumps into you?"

"Better nor dot, Hans. I have got der best shoke ever born in dis State and Folsom."

He laughs er about three minutes, while I look at him and wonder if he has any more vhat.

"Hans, did you ever see a sorrowful man?"

"Of course I have."

"Did you ever see a humorist man?"

Carey

HANS WAS STANDING BETWEEN THE RAILS.

and there was no use of any further talk. In about a week he tried suicide again. This time he went over on the railroad track in mid-afternoon and when the engine came along he was standing between the



Some Plain Talk to a King.

One day, the King, Burgin, who was the Ruler of the Sun, Stars and Moon and boss of the Seven Seas, and the only man in the world who could make the stars dance, and the moon go round, decided to take a little walk out into the country by his lonesome.

The great King said nothing to his counsellors, and in a suit of clothes fully as jaunty as those of a crockery house drummer, and got away by the alley gate and the back door, and he was on his way when he desired to strike a cross-road. It was a walk of another mile, unless he had a horse, and he did not have one, so he saw a path leading across a field and was climbing the fence to take it, when his eye caught a near-by sign. The sign said:

"Beware of the Bull!"

"No bull for me!" said the Ruler, as he drew back from the ground. "I can take a kick from a mule as well as the next man, but I'll be hanged if I want to be kicked by a bull. I will go round the ground by a pair of horns when I come down."

And so the long way was taken, and when the King had arrived at the cross-road he found a peasant smoking his pipe in contentment, and he asked him, "What says the peasant who spoke first. He said:

"Lord, man, you are all covered with dirt. You should you take this road, when you could have saved half the distance by taking a path across the field."

"But I did not know," answered the King, "when I saw the sign you had nailed upon the fence. I did not care to encounter a bull."

"Oh, that sign, eh? Why, that was nailed up there five years ago and there has been no bull here since."

"You should have come right along."

"But how could I tell?" was the irritated reply.

"You could not have told by the sign, of course, but if you had only walked across the field, the writer Smith would have cheerfully told you that he helped me skin the old bull many a long month ago."

"Well, I will take the path and go back," muttered the King, "and I will tear down the sign as a warning to the peasant, 'but if I were you, I would leave it as a warning to others.'"

And so the path only about twenty rods, when he heard a loud bellow and looked about to find a bull coming towards him, and he ran to wipe mud off the earth. "It wasn't a very dignified thing in a King, but this one struck a 2-60 gun, and he was off ahead of the horns."

"I admit, kind sir," replied the peasant, "that a cow is not a bull; neither is a mule a horse. I have no doubt that the sign should do for all. While you were absent from down the road, I turned the cow out and the ram in and I supposed you would be so foolish to figure that I would do so."

"And you may lose your head by it," said the King, "and you may be terribly ill may encounter because of that blasted old sign?"

"No, the Jackass, my dear sir."

"After the King had descended and looked all around, he said:

"That is no Jackass."

"That is, because Jackass," answered the peasant, "none of us can see ourselves as others see us!"

"That is a very good result!" exclaimed the King. "I am the King himself."

"But I am greater than a King. I own the world, and I am mightier than a King. I raise much more than I can eat. I have no debts. All men respect me because I am a King, and I am not afraid of all. I have no courtiers or hypocrites about me and I do not fear assassins. I would not trade places with you."

The King's anger cooled and after a minute he said:

"But that you know a thing or two for a man of your class. I need a new Prime Minister. How would you like the job?"

"Not at all, sir. In the first place, my salary, whatever you made it, would allow me to live in peace and to be truthful and honest as an official, all your other officials would dislike me and conspire against me; thirdly, you have been a King for many Ministers, and would probably behead me. A living peasant is a heap better than a dead Prime Minister."

"You may come this way again, and the neither you nor any other man may be troubled by it," he will paint and put up a new one reading:

"Beware of the Bull!"

"Beware of the Bull!"

"Beware of the Ram!"

"Beware of the Jackass!"

"And as you depart, kind sir, you can have a good message to yourself that I am the animal named, and yet one more thing will do to show you that I am not a King, and you will never see this day. The guide-post over there across the highway says it is three miles to Smithville, and you will never see this day. I will go across the road and turn the post around so that it will be three miles to Smithville and only one mile to you."

The King saw, and as he reached home he said to himself:

"I am not so important that I could

[illegible]

He Goes Into Moving Pictures.

One day a man comes into my shop and has a different from most any man I have seen. He has a smile and laughing. He has a huckle in his throat. He strikes me and hit de odder fist. It was such that he has some good shoke.

"Was somethings der matter n' you?" I asks.

"Der was, old man," he replied.

"Did it hurt de street cawf too?"

"Yes, he bumps into you?"

"Better nor dot, Hams, I have got de best shoke ever born in de State an' you shall make some moneys by it."

"He laughs for about three minutes while I look at him and wonder if it is all right," he says.

"Hams, did you ever see a sorrowful man?"

"Of course I have."

"Did you ever see a humorist man?"